The Library

introduction to issue number seven, finally

So, friends, it's been a little while! Unfortunately life sometimes gets in the way of our projects and endeavors, and thus, things get put on hold. But rest assured, we at The Canary are still alive and kickin'! Since the last issue (wow, it really has been awhile, hasn't it?), I have relocated to the Steel City…or is it the Iron City? I'll stick with the Iron City, since I have no interest in football, and have a penchant for cheap beer. Regardless, I have been living in Pittsburgh PA since October, and that is just one of the many reasons that The Canary hasn't reared its pretty head in quite some time. Between moving away, travelling to Gainesville for The Fest, travelling to Germany for the holidays with my girlfriend, and being intermittently busy and lazy, it seems like the latter half of 2008 really flew by. Now, here we are in a new year, and though I've come to believe that new years resolutions are complete bullshit, if I had to make one it would be "Be more productive", and hopefully this new issue of The Canary is the beginning of a prolific year for me, and for us all. Speaking of which, I've been slowly plugging away at my own zine, tentatively titled "Ache", which will hopefully see the light of day sometime in early February. Keep an eye out.

It's incredibly difficult for me to do anything other than mope around and drink too much in these cold, gloomy winter months, and I know that I am not alone in my seasonal depression, so the prospect of spring, that light at the end of the tunnel, is something that keeps me going and even occasionally gets me off the couch. One thing I have been trying to concentrate on these days is the actual idea of Spring, not just the season. Impossible as it may seem, it's important to try to capture that feeling of excitement to get out of the house and do something, to somehow capture that in a jar and keep it on a shelf, set away for those cold dark days when all seems lost…to be able to open up that jar, take a whiff, and get reinvigorated, ready to take on the world; to see all of our projects through to the end, and to give life to all of those unrealistic, outlandish and seemingly impossible ideas and dreams that we all harbor within. I guess spring means hope, and with it somewhere out there on the horizon, almost within reach, well, that makes it easier to trudge through all of the shit and evil in this world that we are constantly assaulted with. Sometimes hope is all we have, but that's a whole hell of a lot better than nothing.

I'd like to personally thank Julie for keeping me in the fold here at The Canary, and moreover, for allowing me to help out in the first place. Obviously living six hours away from "headquarters" limits my involvement, so if you're reading this, take a moment to give thanks to her for spearheading this endeavor, because she is the driving force behind it. Often, I feel as though my life is, to quote Born Against, "a bit part in a bad movie", so it really is nice to be involved in the making of this zine, however small my role may be.

With that said, I'll let you all get back to your shoveling. As always, continue doing what you love (unless heroin is what you love. Stop that, please), keep pumping out those bands, zines, shows, pieces of art, delicious foods and whatever else it is that you do to capture a little part of Spring no matter what time of the year it is. And please, don't be shy about sending submissions to our email account!

Better late than never,
Colin morningheadcount@gmail.com/thecanaryzine@gmail.com

Obligatory Top Ten for this issue:

1. Walls – Self Titled, one sided tour 12" and live @Mr. Roboto Project
2. Appalachian Terror Unit – "Greenwashing"
3. Imperial Leather – "Antibodies" 7"
4. Endrophobia – Self Titled LP
5. Dresden, DE in December. Gorgeous City!
6. Sick Fix @ Syracuse New Years show, Westcott Community Center & 7"
7. Cometbus #51, The Loneliness of the Electric Monorah
8. Scam Zine #5 ½ and #
9. Arthur Rimbuad – Collected poems
10. Amebix w/ Kylesa, Parasytic, etc in Philly Jan 31st (yeah, it hasn't happened yet as of the writing of this, but I have been excited for months and it's going to be friggin' awesome!)

a moment of conclusion, when all is said and done

I originally wrote this as a conclusion and had written another introduction, but I decided I hated the latter and liked the former:

I realize that this issue may not tackle, discuss, relate, relay, think on current global understandings, happenings and theories. We elected a new president who may usher in a new train of thought into America, but we can't expect a solitary human to overhaul decades of mess in a four-year swoop. In all honesty, I never have been excessively proud of my generation, of this country, but, in all my sentimental emotions, I felt nearly patriotic on election day.

Every afternoon I read the headlines, constantly, Gaza and Pakistan and a too long list of countries suffer more and more violence, the acronyms US and UK splatter between death tallies and peace treaties. But what do we do? Day to day, what do we do?

I believe firmly in change in not just large, loudly revolutionary ways, but also small, seemingly minute ways. I believe reading a single poem written by one in billions of people may change one's perspective enough to wake up the next morning, to wake up the next moment revived in thought, revived in mind, revived in challenge. Change is necessary, change is inevitable and if what kind of change occurs is the variable, the worth of any change remains the constant.

I hope, despite my jaded existence, from the smallest vestiges inside, from the nerves and the membranes, the lungs and the fingertips, that if you are here, if you are reading this, a word, a phrase, a story or a name inspires. Muses dwell in semicolons and hyphens, in run-on sentences and articles, in the thoughts, the people, the theories, the change that supports their existence. We give flight to thought through self-expression, we give change to consistency through self-expression.

Jules

"you are not alone. remember it, and hopefully it will help muster up some strength in these seemingly dark days. you, julie, are a fucking fighter, whether you know or acknowledge it or not, you are. dont't give up." a quote from a recent email

"All that a human is made of is gold, very very little gold."
Dean Young

I also oblige in making a top ten:

1. Twin Peaks on hulu.com
2. Foundations by Kate Nash, for real, have an angry dance party!
3. http://www.oswegoshows.cjb.net/
4. having a real bed again in which to read books in and watch Twin Peaks and cuddle with Shannon's cat
5. Middlemarch by George Eliot
6. Colin!
7. how reading the NIMH website is like reading a horoscope
8. Shannon's cat, Shannon letting me be her new housemate, Shannon in general
9. Movies about unicorns, ie The Last Unicorn and Legend
10. Pokemon Blue on Gameboy
11. Hey, we have a new president – that's pretty fucking cool.

a submission from bob

a black and white photograph of feet, back lit, yet to be exposed. old, haggard and abandoned eye on the farther side of the camera. muffled trumpet lines beyond the mountain. comatosed with tile, stacked floorboard, gravel, shall, and hardened earth. heart collections and ferlinghetti interruptions. amidst thick clothing and drums, there is a muttered sentence shedding light on bone clumps and discarded fingernails. an alter ego of oil and sweat. mothered, fatherless, drunk auto theft -- greened with nostalgia and homelessness, followed around by moths -- chancing a title, dreaming. herds of crows, led with a small pile of tinfoil tied around a twig end. a difference in colours. radio waves touching themselves with yellow and gold perennials. dusty cheap tennessean tailor park, filled with june moonbeam evening. fields growing seized film projectors. guitars growing heroes. extra letters in uncommonly misspelled words. thin walls. sleep is galling. stalled, unlonely morning hanging in the damp air of exposed and open sores. trophy catch lightly twitching in the kick and sway of the flashbulb -- slowly losing its last piece of water. trench camping, rooster shooting, mother fuckering. an approaching arsenal of drowsy. distraction thrown with the weight of rotten pineapple. a transient emergency lullaby. love speed on wurlitzer keys, lowering our gaze to the windshield seedlings of an inevitable awakening -- screaming steam valves at the highest of beams. metaphors laid out like ink waiting to dry. piles of legs and wings gathering at bottle bottoms, suffocating stoma stampedes using too much of what little time is left -- waiting and remembering.

Caito Hankinson
"Rubber Band" August 5, 2008

It was like the most poignant sense of abandonment as I could feel myself getting further and further away. Every tenth of a mile the camp was receding back, living its camp life, camping on without me. I viewed myself from above, on a map of the Adirondacks. And Karen my big red Buick, a tiny speck moving along Route 30, steadily away from Long Lake. It would be leaving a red trail along the map, moving in real time, documenting my path.

Of course I could just keep driving, I thought, drive and drive all the way to Oswego. I know the way now, I could be there by two o'clock this afternoon. I could just leave all my stuff, I don't need any of it, really. I have Karen and two new packs of cigarettes and $35. I'll come up over the hill and see the blinking lights on the factory and be home.

Except there won't be a party in progress this time. There won't be a sensational reception or that fanfare of excitement. All my friends will be at work and I'll have to exist there aimlessly until the evening. They'll be tired, but I won't be, because I didn't work all day. And we'll choke down a couple beers and call it a night. The camp will keep on running, just like when people leave their computers on all the time. It will quietly progress, updating itself, staying current.

Naturally, I'm not going to skip town. I do need my things. I need my t-shirts. I just bought new shampoo, I never used it. It would be a waste to leave it there. The hope of being *able* to leave is stifled by the debilitating realization that as I was escaping, I was being pulled back at the same time. But it wasn't a realization. I always knew it. The feeling was there whether I was conscious of it or not. It was the largest rubber band, stretching out just far enough, almost to capacity, but nevertheless, it will ultimately return to its original shape. Stretching out so much so that you think it could snap. In theory. But it isn't flimsy elastic, it's industrial –it slowly turns my car around so I'll be back in time for second period. I'll be a little late, but I'll be there, inside the computer that never sleeps.

title: soul-economies
by elizabeth bishop

the back of my feet were open wounds.
i was afraid to bleed on yr good sheets
it was snowing outside.
how hard do you have to fight against yr fate?

touch is the most dialogic of the senses
i ran my fingers up yr back.
i could feel yr soul quiver.
they can/t detail our minds
c/ the contents of pill bottles
or what groceries we buy
"won/t you tell me what yr thinking of?
won/t you be an outlaw for my love?
.....i won/t make you...."
you tell me yr hurting
and fuck, baby
i/m in the same ship,
flooding.
but at least yr beautiful in yr tragedy
i run my nails up yr sternum
in the dark.
its too hot to sleep.
its too sad to dream.
yr more honest than you use to be.
and you don/t bullshit my dear.
i love you for that.

if i have to be clever
if i have to make
any more
distanciations around my illness
i will fly out the window.
fly, yes.
i will not fall,
I Will Fly.

you have many names.
i have ennumerated them
inscribed them into books

rivalling all great loves.

katy song, katy sorrow.
my snow white my sad date
my dark plight my midnight
my shabbos queen
you inhale and the world shakes inside
soul-economies

we slowly remove the jewels from our necks
the rings from our fingers
the bells from our toes
and men lose the sound of our distraction

we find ourselves
in the dark, wet frost.
blades of grass slip between
yr dark brown toes
"i fucking hate walt whitman
but whatever. " you tell me
and i say back
"marry me, marry me
marry me calla lily
i/ll teach you how to type"
you politely ignore my indiscretions
like when i asked to sleep in bed c/ you for the first time.
you were either flatterred or repulsed
c/ yr thin straight smile.
no one knows
the past has never meant less
or more
i write about the future
alot these days
i fold my fingers inside each other
and count the desperate dry lines.
and you are inside each one.
sleep
sleep
as my thoughts continue to squibble
towards the future selves
we already love.

You Pick A Title, if that's what you're into
By Stuart Stevens the II

Imagine the last men waiting at the end of the world making their final peace with all the unanswered mysteries and suddenly the world doesn't end. The last men look at each other in anticipation then turn their eyes upward in anxiety then close their last eyes and search themselves in boredom. Curiosity ignites and their last imaginations once again roar to life, overthrowing their final peace to conquer their last mysteries.

Imagine the first men knowing all along that the end would never come.

(A Note from Co-Assembler Colin: While this topic may not be of the utmost importance to many of The Canary's readers, I felt it necessary to encourage Chris to put down his thoughts to paper on the state of the hardcore/punk scene here in our sleepy little town; many of us have put every bit of ourselves in to this community and in many ways have received much more in return; it has been, and continues to be, a safe haven for many and an important part of who we are as people. To see individuals come in and ruin things with violence and other less innocuous forms of oppression is a heart breaking tragedy. Speaking on a more personal level, Chris' piece hit me in two very specific ways. First, it serves as a reminder of what was once a reliable and good venue, the Knights of Columbus Hall, who recently decided to not host shows because of the actions and general carelessness of irresponsible promoters and show-goers. This hall held a special place in my heart because not only did many memorable and powerful shows take place there, but I was actually the first person [along with an old friend] to book a show there back in 2002. Secondly, it's clear to me that I have been turning my back on these issues, as a grizzled old veteran of 23 years old, I am obviously above these petty problems that the kids face. After all, I have paid my dues and have no responsibility to the younger kids in the scene. Clearly, that's bullshit. I hope to reassess my level of involvement in creating a safe and progressive scene not only in Oswego, but everywhere, and I hope this piece serves as a catalyst, or at the very least, a reminder that many of us need to do the same.)

Let me spell it out for you…

It took the help of my friends Devon and Genny to make me aware of what I was doing. This was all wrong, why is there an affinity for violence in an area so small, so insignificant, where nothing remotely dangerous even occurs? If this is a community based on acceptance, honesty and a break from the social norm, then why are we singling out individuals based on appearance? Why are we tearing away at their insecurities? Why must I, time and time again, see kids extend their hand asking for help and a haven, only to

find them receiving the middle finger back? *I fucking hate it!* So many hearts, minds, faces, all sucked into a vortex of misconstruity. What was once an opportunity for a shit hole town to hold something that was truly genuine, became a pedestal for violence, manipulation and bully-ish tactics. I'm ashamed to have ever played a role in it; but I grew up and discovered that it was wrong.

"But there's no hope in changing this!"…*But shut the fuck up!* I'm sick of my words falling on deaf ears. I'm sick of hearing of these problems and finding not one person who will take the initiative to change the face of the Oswego hardcore/punk/underground music community. Hardcore was never about destroying venues, picking fights, or being a dimwitted Neanderthal. *It was supposed to be a haven to escape that shit!*

Condescending, counter-productive: that's what this tough guy crap is. I'm all for kids losing their head and getting rowdy at shows, but holy shit, get this gang crap out of here. Some of you who have (and in some cases, still do) condone this shit are my friends. If you read this do not think less of me and do not expect me to think less of you. Please though, for the love of something truly genuine: Stop! Wake up, take back our community from the shit hole meat heads. To those who know this is wrong, the older faces I see hibernating, this goes to you too. It's time to come out of hiding and end this shit.

I'm irate, upset, a mess, but still hopeful nonetheless.

Discuss with me:
www.myspace.com/chris315

[A more recent note- It seems that, as a result of financial troubles, the K of C has opened its doors to those wishing to rent the hall out for events, including those pesky music events that caused them to close their doors in the first place. This is, of course, a very good thing, however, it takes responsibility and maturity on the behalf of show-goers, promoters and performers alike to keep a space like this functioning and available to those who need to use it. And, yes, even the aforementioned promoter who contributed to the hall's demise has been involved with booking there. Though I currently don't live in Oswego, I implore you to treat this venue with the respect and care that it deserves, not only because it is and important place to me, but because it is an important asset and should not be abused or misused.]

Codger by Brent Canle

A homeless man stopped me by saying, “Excuse me, my young brotha.”
And asked if I had any spare change.

I give to the homeless, sometimes, based on a criterion
of whether they still have discernable social skills,
or if they humor me in some way, or if I have change to give over

Fitting the bill, this homeless man, was not too jaded by the world.
I, being the same, felt the outside of my pockets.
Recognizing the shape of a single coin,
I said, “Yes,” cupped my hand, and dug in like a used excavator.

He extended his hand as I extended mine.
He opened his hand to expose his palm and in it I dropped one penny.

I was embarrassed by my inherent ability to know a coin.
With an pathetic smile I said, “Sorry. Its all I got.”

Then this man started to laugh.

So I started to laugh.

I still do not understand why we laughed.
Maybe he laughed at his own bad luck, that he got what he wanted-
money- but failed to specify further.

Maybe, I laughed at my own deficiencies. That once again
my heart was foiled by the contents of my pants.

No. We laughed because for a moment he- some 40ish homeless man-
and I- a 24 year old college graduate- came to an agreement
A mutual statement of understanding.
Saying, “Yes. This is the world.”

I like that. But it isn’t true. Really, I laughed because I imagined him
trying to bend the coin with his teeth and the word ‘codger’
came to mind.

And he laughed, really,
because he was one.

Tuesday by Jessica Jones

Your legs stick to the hot seats. The mixture of the temperature and sweat make peeling your legs off the leather feel like pulling a grilled cheese sandwich apart. The sun is setting and it's still hot outside. You're beyond the feeling of discomfort. You've got to piss, real bad. There's a gas station about a half-mile ahead on the right, just after the stoplight. An asshole in a black car with tinted windows cuts you off. Forget it, you're so pissed you just don't have to piss anymore.

You're driving. You don't know where you're going. You're just driving in your car wishing to be somewhere else, anywhere else. It's not your car, and though it doesn't matter what kind of car it is, it's your great aunt's car. You've just gotten your license and she's so proud of you. She was always very proud of the things you accomplished, even if it was something as simple-minded as getting your license. When you got your license she was especially proud and decided to buy you a car. Between the days of passing your driver's test and her efforts to convince your parents that it was okay to give you a car, you were mature enough, she died.

She knew she was going to die, but no one else knew, not even you, and she wanted it that way, very much so. Later, you find out that she'd had cancer for years. It started in her lungs, even though you knew she had never wrapped her lips around a cigarette butt of any kind, ever in her life. Cancer took over her body, it ran through her veins. She was 89. She lived every day as if it were her last and believed that living life in such a way was marvelous, and you should do it no matter what, even if you aren't dying. Living life as your great aunt did, it was something you wanted to carry on, in memory of her.

It was a Tuesday when she died. You don't remember the date exactly. Sad, but true. You don't like to talk about her death or think about it, but signs of her are all around today. Today is a Tuesday.

The day she died the weather was gorgeous, the sun was out and shining, the air was sticky. You know that she wouldn't want to meet the Lord at the gates of heaven on a day when the weather was anything short of gorgeous. Not because she was particularly religious or anything, but because her favorite outfit was a green dress that had the outline of leaves on it and huge yellow tiger lily flowers all over it. The dress wrapped around her body like a towel, the kind your mother bundles you in after you've gotten out of the bathtub as a kid. The dress set flat against her body and flowed just inches past her knees. She wasn't wearing the dress when she died or even when she was buried, but you know that's what she was wearing when she met the Lord.

Today is a Tuesday. The weather reminds you of the day she died. The car still smells like her and all of a sudden the memories you shared with her flood your brain and your heart. You wonder if the car actually smells like her, or if you're just imagining it. She smelled like Ivory soap and AquaNet hairspray all in one. It was a smell you'd never really noticed until she was gone. The psychiatrist told you that associating things that seem insignificant and pointless back to your great aunt is just part of the bereavement process. You're not sure. You've never experienced death except for the time your hamster died during the summer between first and second grade. It's become habit to associate anything and everything with your great aunt. When you were younger she took you to the zoo or the mall or you'd go garage sale shopping, all in the car you're driving now.

One memory comes back. You were seven, and it was in the middle of summer, around July 4th, when the days are longer and hotter than any other time of the year. She picked you up from the house where you lived with your mom, dad and your older foster brother. He'd been living with you for close to 3 years already, your foster brother. Your great aunt loved you best, just because the same blood ran through your veins. Maybe that isn't true, but it's something to hold on to. Perhaps it is the fact that you look like her when she was your age. She picked you up from the house where you lived, though it wasn't technically your house because you didn't own it, and neither did your parents.

It's a Tuesday. Your great aunt picks you up; she's sitting in the very seat that you're sitting in right now. She's wearing the green dress with the outline of leaves and the yellow tiger lily flowers on it and you go to garage sales in the next town over. It's a small town and the houses are close together, but it's less you have to walk and more time you can spend with your great aunt. She always wears this dress. You never actually know if it was her favorite or not, you assumed because the majority of the time she was wearing it. Even in the winter you could tell she wanted to wear it, and sometimes she did. Covered in a vanilla colored hand knitted shawl-like sweater and a white sweater with pearl buttons. She held the sweater and shawl together at the neckline with a flower and butterfly broach that was the size of the palm of your hand. The large flower that didn't seem to resemble any type of flower at all, was a bright magenta pink color. Perching on the pollen of the flower was a monarch butterfly. It's orange and black wings spread wide as if it were protecting the flower. You found the broach and you remember picking it up and thinking it weighed as much as a brick. Of course you were only seven.

You wish you could have spent more time with her. You imagine that it would be great to have been born 20 years earlier, just so you could spend more time with her. There's plenty you could have learned about her

in those 20 years, but that'd be 20 years less worth of stories for her to tell you.

You're reminded of her funeral and how you couldn't cry, because you couldn't believe that she was dead. You couldn't grasp the fact that your beloved aunt was dead. Lifeless and soulless, she lay on blue satin, the color of her eyes, which were closed. All the memories of the things that you did together, the conversations you had and the tears and laughter, all of it floated back to you like a balloon taken away by the windy breeze on a cool August day. You can't imagine life without her. She wouldn't want you to mope around and be sad. You try hard to cry, to think about life without her. You reach deep inside to find some emotion, any emotion, so that she and everyone else at the funeral can see that you're upset and that you care. Maybe an event or a conversation that made you hate her for just a few minutes. You sift through the memories of the garage sales, of the times the two of you laughed about all the shit you spent hours looking at throughout the summer at these garage sales. On this particular Tuesday, you found a lawn gnome. It was the ugliest fucking lawn gnome you'd ever seen. It reminded you of one of the dwarfs from *Snow White*. The minute you walked by him, he was staring at you. His rosy cheeks, a shit ass grin on his face, he wore a red had and green shirt, he was looking at you. Your aunt thought he was looking at her too. There was no price tag on it but your aunt promised to buy it for you, no matter the cost. It was just so ugly you had to have it. So, you pick it up and carry it around with you. A few minutes passed when the owner of the gnome came up to you and told you to put it down. He was a short man. He was Asian and had a funny accent. One that reminded you of the guy that owned the Chinese restaurant you and your aunt always went to on the second Tuesday of every month. You were eight and it was love at first sight with this lawn gnome and you refused to put it down. After all, your aunt promised to buy it for you. After arguing for a few minutes, the man started yelling. Your aunt offered to pay 20 dollars for it and the man still would not give in. You threw it back on the lawn and it shattered. You weren't even angry, but you just wanted to laugh, because if you couldn't have this lawn gnome, no one could. Your aunt wasn't even disappointed.

You think about the times that she promised that she'd pick you up and either she was late or never showed up at all. You try to think about all the times she pissed you off beyond belief and you still couldn't cry at her funeral. This was a Tuesday in March. She told you she'd pick you up and take you to the mall to buy a dress for your chorus concert. The dress you wore the year before didn't fit anymore and your mom didn't feel like taking you. She said she'd pick you up from school but she never showed up. You were 12 and you had to walk home alone. Your mother never let you walk alone and you know she wouldn't be happy if she knew your aunt

had forgotten about you. She still doesn't know, but it was the idea of having to keep a secret from your mom that was scary. The more you sift through the memories, the more you begin to wonder if you couldn't cry at her funeral because you couldn't grasp the fact that she was gone. Was it the fact that you could have spent more time with her? Or that as she got older she began to forget things more often and this put a limit on the amount of time that you spent together? You don't know, but the mere pondering of these thoughts make you want to cry.

You're still driving. You're not sure where you're headed but you're passing cars on the left and on the right while managing to stay under the speed limit. This is a first.

You realize you're not too far away from the cemetery where your great aunt is laid to rest. Should you go, for the first time, or just pretend you were never that close. You know the cemetery isn't far. You remember taking the same roads when you went to the burial. You're so close. You're wondering if this closeness is enough to pull you to see her. You just want to know that everything is okay and that she is okay.

It's getting late and the sun has set. The sky is dark, and the stars aren't visible tonight. Is she looking down on you? Are you supposed to go see her to find closure and peace within yourself? You should go. Not so much for yourself, but for her. You want to make her proud. It hasn't been too long since she passed and you wonder if it's too soon. You really want to go visit her but you know that you're not ready. You were so upset with her when she died. How could you not forgive her and just let it go. She promised she'd pick you up to go get Chinese and she never showed up. She never called or anything and for some reason you couldn't find it in your heart to forgive her. You tried to call her numerous times and there was no answer. Later you found out that she never showed up because she was dead. There's a constant struggle between your heart and your head and what you should and should not do.

Before you know it, you've already pulled into the cemetery. There's really no turning back now. This could be a mistake. But what if you died tomorrow and you never had the closure of knowing that your great aunt was at peace? If you died tomorrow, would you be able to live with the fact that you never found closure?

You park the car. There's no turning back now.

You walk to where she rests. She's covered by the earth you've become so scared of. And not just in the literal sense. You kneel. Your knees press into the earth.

You begin to cry, for many reasons, or maybe for only one reason: today is a Tuesday.

New Masculinity Threatened by Hostility towards Homosexuality

It is clear to me from my perspective in Los Angeles that we stand on the cusp of a major cultural movement focusing on renewed masculinity among the men in our society. Born of an urge to complement the cultural power of feminism, the new masculinity strives to inculcate men into a storied and supportive male culture. The basic premise is this: men can only be taught masculinity by other men, and the responsibility for this process of maturation rests on the shoulders of those already passed through the gauntlet.

What this means on an everyday level is that men should have a social support system. For example, every professional man should have a male barber and tailor, individuals who supply him with the basic tenets of men's social appearance from a distinctly male perspective. The rise of men's organizations in recent years also indicates a need to establish a male social circle. There is nothing wrong with this.

Anybody claiming that this is in conflict with the cultural gains of feminism is looking backwards, not forwards. Important changes in the way society viewed women were, and still are, very necessary to maintain the balance of the sexes. Balance, however, does not mean that each side is the same- the needs of men are addressed differently than those of women. Voicing this opinion is not meant to be sexist in any regard, merely an observation of the obvious by an astute eye.

What alarms me most about the new masculinity is unrelated to feminism, however. The concern I have is more about the possibility of hostility towards homosexuals. Heaven knows that when men congregate, off-color jokes can and will be told. But it is very important not to develop a poisonous attitude towards homosexuals. As fellow members of masculine society, they exercise the right to participate in the new masculinity. Sure, they're not much good for dating advice, but what if the barber or tailor were gay? Their contributions to masculine society are significant, and they should not be looked down upon or detested because of their honestly different sexual preference.

Most insidious, of course, is the unique creature of the self-loathing homosexual. Masquerading as a straight member of masculine society, these chameleons wreak the most havoc on the relationship between masculinity and society. Often identifiable by their predilection for anti-gay language, including such phrases as "homo" and "fag," they also are apt to suggest predatory dating behavior to the men in their social circle. This stems from their intense self-hatred, a poison that causes them to hate other homosexuals as well as the straight women they need to use as tools to maintain cover. Unchecked, this hostility could leak into the hearts of the men around them, calcifying the new masculinity into something more resembling the old masculinity before it is even able to get off of the ground.

In conclusion, I warn men who are hard at work assembling the new masculinity to avoid the pitfalls of losing the nurturing aspect of our gender. Do not turn a bale eye towards homosexuals any more than you would towards the women you love, because the first one can lead to the second. And that is the last thing that men want to see. Copyright George Haag 2008

By D.D.
The optimist.
9/1/08

chaper 1:

There was no getting around it- he was bored stupid. This constant cycle of eating, shitting, sleeping walking, birthing dying, singing coughing, fucking fighting; it was tedious beyond words. And yet it WAS. Fuck.

It just plain WAS. (he was a realist after all, no use arguing with the facts) but the vague sense that there existed more than This persisted in his mind until he found he had a headache and wanted to drink himself foolish.

Which he did. And he didn't mind. For at first, the alcohol loosened the tendrils of thought and logic just enough to give new ideas a chance. A new hope if you will. A momentary lapse of cynicism anyway. And of course there was the undeniable enthusiasm that accompanies ambivalence on that stumbling,bumbling route to inebriation. But that only lasted so long, for after a certain line was crossed, it was but a fools errand with a fool in tow, helplessly grasping at gold and coming back with nothing every fucking time. He slept.

He woke. Almost. As his mind found consciousness around again, it reeled at the thought of this spirit coming back so soon, to once again demand and whine and ache and long. He closed his eyes. For that was his relationship. Perhaps the only one he had at this point. Dreams where so liberating compared to this.

The spirit yearned to see. To hear. To touch. Feelings, emotions. sensations, ideas. It was endless the desires of this consciousness. Fucking endless. And he had given up, in his solitude, any hope, for those things which his soul cried and bickered for like a spoiled child. He had given up and had said so. And yet the soul persisted.

It was. But that is not entirely true, he sighed, slipping his pale legs onto the floor as if in a dream. WAS may imply past tense more so than a FACT. (in some minds anyhow) It was not past tense at all, but a constant. A changing yet unchanging ball, rolling along its path, sometimes encountering this, sometimes that. Picking up dirt or shit or fairydust or whatever it might roll through. Perhaps today his ball would roll into that hooker from east fifth, he thought with a near optimism.(forgetting she had died nine years back) God knew jerking off was a complete bore. Chlamydia be damned. He scratched his balls and stumbled towards the kitchen. Time to eat again.. And shit. And wash. And think. And be. Fuck.

Fucking. The very act that had brought him into being, he thought mutely. Two clumsy bodies, sweaty and moaning, lost in the last hope of feeling some sort of connection with one in the other, a piece of this inside a piece of that touching a piece of this and soon enough (probably too soon for both) –bang.

A shot in the dark. Like an overloaded zit pulsing with annoyance and desire for notice, the essence of life shot forth, un-judged, un-jaded, un-know. Un-planned. It was un-biased. No forms were filled, papers signed, references checked, interviews received. Nothing. Poof! I am life it smiled, foolishly, confidently. I am. Are you?.... I AM.

The coffee was done. Suddenly the phone rang as he struggled to fill his filthy cup, hands shaking, head pounding. His head jerked at the unexpected sound. How odd. The lip of the coffee pot tipped the cup from the edge where it had sat dumping its contents on his long feet, cup falling hard on his pinky toe.

SLUTFUCKWHOREBITCH! He leapt back, flailing his arm holding the coffee pot into the table, shattering its frail glass about the room in an instant.

Still the phone rang, now at its second tone. The cup had stopped clanking. Arms hung down at his sides, coffee and glass encircling him like a shrine, he closed his eyes. Still the phone rang. Dropping the broken pot and hearing it smash on the cold tiles (almost satisfying) he raised his head wondering what the fuck just happened.

Still the phone rang, uncaring, demanding attention of some sort. He stepped over the glass circle and over to the phone. It rang again.
He picked up. Silence. He listened. Nothing. Nothing at all. Figures. He was alone.

After lighting a cigarette,(his first success of the day) and coughing so hard he nearly puked, (actually just a little in the mouth) he shook his head slowly and whispered softly to himself, ”Good morning old friend, how does the day greet you?”

A submission from Shannon

Since I've seen home,
They shout "ignorant,"
They shout "whore."
But who am I?

The tar scraped from the bottom of a melting pot,
it always sticks to the spoon.

The victimized prototype of their complacency.

And to stand out ((to stand up))
Was to commit familial suicide.

Burnt, it runs slowly down the stove top.

But it's been so long since I've left home.
They smile.
They speak.
But who am I?

The blackened remains, standing.

the end.

Hope you enjoyed this issue that took far too long to put out. We promise the next one won't take six months! Keep your eyes out for more issues, more updates, more endeavors both spurring forth from the Canary as well as other community organizations. A lot of awesome things are evolving in this little awesome town of ours! Music, community gatherings, family dinners, etc. Here are some resources to stay up to date:

www.myspace.com/thecanaryzine
thecanaryzine@gmail.com
Email us your flyers, your poems, your images, your words, any form of expression on any topic and we'll put it in our next issue. We don't edit your pieces, we do whatever you ask!

The Oswego Shows Message Board
A great online forum to talk about the music scene and events in Oswego and surrounding areas. Get on, sign up and start typin'! Or at least take a peek to see what's comin' in!
http://www.oswegoshows.cjb.net/

Activists of Oswego County
A new organization in the area, an excerpt from their online description: We, the AOC, seek to bring together like-minded individuals to bring about the change needed in order to realize their values. We are a collective located in Oswego County that works to bring our community more in line with our beliefs and values, such as honesty, transparency, equity, equality, fairness and competency. We embrace a diversity of experiences and all levels of participation, while working to replace inequality, hierarchy, domination and powerlessness with mutual respect, personal empowerment, cooperation and a sense of community.
Check it out! www.myspace.com/actoswegocounty

Keep on soundin' those alarms and gettin' involved! If you'd like copies of the Canary (issues past and present), please email us and let us know how many, which issues and an address!

Thank you so much for reading!

(Where The Canary Issue #8 will be released to boot!)